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THE

*Female* APOLOGIST.

A

SATIRE.

Occasion'd by the Monthly Memoirs of a  
celebrated *British* Lady.

By R. C. of the *Middle Temple*, Esq;

--- *Nec in ipsa morte relinquit* .

*Peccandi rabies---meretrix vicina sepulcro.*

L O N D O N :

Printed : And Sold at the Pamphlet Shops at the *Royal Exchange*, *Temple-Bar*, and *Charing-Cross*.

MDCCXLVIII.

THE  
FEMALE APOLOGIST.

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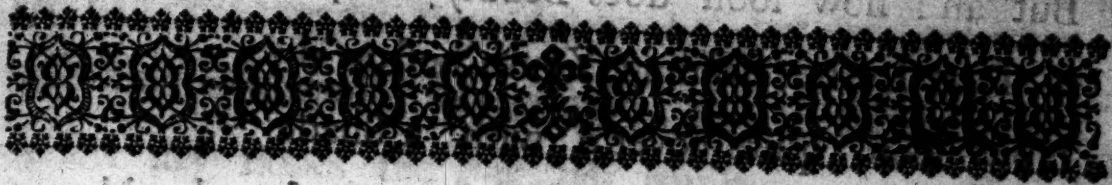
OWN:



Printed: And sold at the Stationer's Shops at the Royal Exchange, Temple-Bar, and Charing-Cross.

MDCCLXVIII.





THE  
 FEMALE APOLOGIST.  
 Which once transported in the Maid.

**H**OW early did Love's Flame inspire  
 A Passion in thy Virgin Breast; A  
 Scarce in thy Teens, when all on Fire, A  
 To taste its Joys, and to be blestling

Thy Bib and Doll scarce thrown aside,  
 When warm and panting for a Spouse;  
 To Fifty thou hast been a Bride,  
 Without a Ring to bind thy Vows.

But ah! how soon does Beauty fade,  
 That Lustre, smiling Youth bestow'd;  
 How soon, quite cover'd with a Shade  
 Those Checks, where once their Roses glow'd.

The Crowd of Beaux behold no more  
 In Raptures now thy Beams decay'd;  
 These Looks, quite frightful in the Whore,  
 Which once transported in the Maid.

Once Venus, arm'd in all her Power,  
 A Furze now withon dost appear,  
 A loathsome Weed, a fragrant Flower  
 Quite ripe and rotten in a Year.

Ah! pity now the frail One's Lot,  
 On her sick Couch, while PHILLIS lies!  
 Other Folks die before they rot,  
 But PHILLIS rots before she dies.

Death



Death scarce will triumph in her Doom,  
 Of half his meagre Prey debarr'd;  
 Whose Tooth has only to consume  
 A few dry Bones the P-x has spar'd.

To merit Heaven, a Thousand Ways,  
 At her last Gasp, she now begins;  
 Now weeps, now swears, now spits, now prays,  
 Confesses first, then prints her Sins!

Virtue and Grace are now her Cant;  
 Plays, Balls, Ridotto's charm no more!  
 So powerful, ragged Smocks and Want  
 Into a Saint to change a Wh--re.

Dear Nymph! dear Phil! dear any Name!  
 (Thy true one still is in the Dark.)  
 And fifty more thou still mayest claim,  
 If borrowing one from every Spark;

Within

Within your Prison closely flow'd,  
 Be your hard Fate no longer moan'd;  
 The Semstress Shop, where once you sew'd,  
 Is only to a Garret turn'd!

Here in a Flux, with half a Nose  
 Pray two full Hours, at least in four;  
 Nor think of Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Beaux,  
 Green Ribbons, Stars or Garters more.

When dying, smile at Hell's blue Flame,  
 Which to thy Breast is nothing new;  
 Since thou hast often felt the same,  
 In thy warm Blood, and blest it too.

What hast thou then to dread below,  
 Tho' PLUTO and his Imps combine  
 To mix their Fires, they cannot glow  
 More ardent, or more fierce than thine!



For ah ! tho' batter'd, wrinkled, grey,  
 Rotten below, and pale above,  
 Still warm, and wicked in Decay,  
 Ideas serve, instead of Love !

Phantoms of Lust, when clos'd thy Eye  
 Are still thy Fancy's luscious Theme ;  
 Now Generals squeeze, now Barons dye--  
 Wanton in Sleep, a Jilt in Dream.

Soft Joys still flutter in thy Head,  
 Tho' weak in Power, yet lewd in Will ;  
 While the gay Thoughts of Raptures fled,  
 Inspire thy Soul, with Transports still.

On thy soft Couch an amorous Spark,  
 By a kind Youth thy Pillow prest,  
 With Ardor clasp thee in the Dark,  
 And Fancy's Power does all the rest !

YOUNG

B

Thrice

Thrice happy Nymph ! forget thy Woes !

Thy Temper in thy Garret keep ;

Tho' waking, thou may'st want thy Beaux,

Each Night thou hast them in thy Sleep !

Tho' pale thy Look, tho' dead thy Eye,

Thy spritely Wit shall never fail :

Whose Pen shall now that Wealth supply,

Which once was purchas'd with your Tail.

'Tis but a little changing Arts,

And the same Point you nicely hit,

Equally skill'd to touch our Hearts,

Just as you please, a Wh--re, or Wit.

But ah ! how poor the Gains, and light,

Which from the stingy Press you meet ;

'Twas once a Guinea for a Night,

'Tis now scarce Six-pence for a Sheet.

Your



Your good old Trade if you give o'er,

Ah ! think e'er you the Change begin,

Your *Bed* and *Blankets* brought in more,

Than e'er your *Sheets* will bring you in.

Thy Pen, less fatal than thy Charms,

A brave Revenge can ne'er inspire ;

Take then, thy Tyrant in thy Arms,

And send the Victim home on Fire ;

Then sooth thy Rage, and blunt thy Quill,

A greater Curse thy Smiles would prove ;

These, these, the surest Way to kill ;

Thy Hate less cruel than thy Love.

As from each Flower the roving Bee

Each Morn her golden Treasure brings ;

The Insect much resembling thee,

Both have your Sweets, and both your Stings.

If two Years longer wicked GRIMES  
 Had waited for a kind Embrace;  
 He had not added to his Crimes  
 By ripping up a Virgin's Lace!

At the fierce Onset not dismay'd,  
 He then had heard no Scream, or Cry;  
 No, Heav'n protect a helpless Maid,  
 No, Save me JESU! or I dye!

Yet ah! how lost thy former Power,  
 To Crowds of dying Youth once dear,  
 When the rich Gains of scarce an Hour,  
 Paid for the Frolicks of a Year.

In Tiffues flaming all the Day,  
 Each Night tho' sparkling at the Ball,  
 Lavish in Dress, profuse at Play,  
 One Evening's Profit paid for all.

Yet



Yet would your Lords, Knights, Squires, young Heirs,  
 Each in your Lap his Guinea lay;  
 Still might you drive Six *Flanders* Mares,  
 And in your *BERLIN* flaunt away!

Now chill'd your Veins, your Vigour spent,  
 On a Flock-bed lie cold and hard;  
 Without one Stallion, fast one *LENT*,  
 Then thank your God, you die prepar'd.

Abate but now-and-then a Fault,  
 Checking thy Bosom's youthful Flames,  
 And 'twill in thee be Virtue thought,  
 Only to sin like other Dames.

Write then thy Story smooth and nice,  
 Each Frailty fairly varnish'd o'er!  
 Say, Parsons only call it Vice,  
 In *BRITISH* Wives to jilt and whore!

Convince

Convince us, Nature never meant  
 Youth should without its Bliss decay;  
 Nor once oblig'd us to repent,  
 Before our Hairs turn'd white or grey.

Yet say, where end, or where begin,  
 From Guilt to purge thy spotted Soul;  
 One Tear if drop'd for every Sin  
 Would quite o'erflow the deepest Bowl!

If then the bold Sir PLUME \* should try,  
 Once more thy Cittadel to gain;  
 Tell him his Onset you defy,  
 And that he storms the Walls in vain.

Let thy Charg'd Pistol \* then lie still,  
 Or loaden with no Shot at all;  
 Since thy own FIRES alone would kill,  
 Without the Help of needless Ball.

Instead

Convince

\* Apology, Vol. I. No. 3.



Instead of Pikes, display thy Charms,  
 Shoot the soft Volley from thy Eyes !  
 Taking the Warriour to thy Arms,  
 Without a Gun, the Victim dyes.

As the still Powders whited Grain,  
 When kindled, kills without a Noise ;  
 Thy Fire, when Passion lights the Train,  
 As silent, yet as sure destroys.

Secure, against each daring Foe,  
 Thy Virtue may hereafter prove ;  
 Could'st thou protect thy *Works* below,  
 As bravely as thy *Fort* above.

11 7 49

**F I N I S.**

Printed for H. STIBBS, near *Cornhill*,

Instead of Pikes, display thy Charms,  
Shoot the soft Volley from thy Eyes!  
Taking the Warrior to thy Arms,  
Without a Gun, the Victim dyes.

As the still Powders whined Grain,  
When kindled, kills without a Noise;  
Thy Fire, when Passion lights the Train,  
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F I N I S

Printed for H. Stiles, near Cornhill